

## REPRIEVED

those stubs in the cornfield  
are really your fingers  
rising out of my hair  
but I can't wait any longer  
paper hands drift through the barn  
a pail hangs in the window, cold stud  
last year's target  
I want gray light from the careful brother  
stone, I swing up the loft and count  
the cat bones my owl dropped; one more  
it's so clear I can steady on  
a man cutting leather, flannel shirt  
hunched neck a mile away

## THE FEAST

I was in the trailer where  
there's no water, heat, or light  
I moved to a loft in a Flemish barn  
I have all your rings here  
an occasional leaf swept up reminds me  
of that strange dot near your ankle  
I always began there

Now the candles make me dizzy  
I pace to the brown edge and back  
it's too cold even for the simplest confession  
I hear nothing of it  
I'll jump down to the last pile  
of loam and bury it  
you're a spliced hand, an empty bowl